

The Poems

of

Alexander Hamilton Bayley.



1906.

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THE AUTHOR.

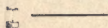
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PUBLISHED BY "THE WEEKLY RECORDER," BARBADOS, W.I.



PREFACE.

FEW are the writers that Barbados owns. Therefore little book thou owest no apology to thy native isle for thine existence. Thou goest forth into the world helpless and unaided, small and humble, but yet bold and brave for thou expectest many ills nor art unprepared for them. Yet may thine own people receive thee graciously for they have few poems they can claim their own.

A. H. B.

Galveston,

June 20th, 1906.

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Major Poems.

SIN'S NATIVITY.

AN EPIC POEM.



SIN'S NATIVITY

OR

THE FALL OF SATAN AND HIS ANGELS.

An Epic Poem.

MAN'S Fall fain had I sung, had lightning
[Time
Stayed his fleet wings and wrought the
[auspicious hour—

Man's cruel Fall, who, from those painless realms
Of blessed Eden driv'n, found toil and care

5 And myriad woes and agonies and death
In a wild gloomy land, untilled, unknown,
Unsheltered from the now-felt blasts of heav'n—
An exile, clad in new-sewn skins of beasts,
Earning his daily bread by toilsome sweat,

10 All through one sin, preferring to obey
The Serpent's voice in kindly friendship giv'n
(For so he thought) before God's one command.

Who was this impious Serpent that approached
Those heav'n-blessed realms of Eden and beguiled

15 That fair maid, Eve, till she plucked the fatal fruit
Of the one tree forbid by God to them,
Though of all others they could freely eat?

- Say, Holy Spirit, who dost reveal the truth
Of all hid things to the righteous, just and pure,
20 Who hast Thy dwelling in no fixed shrine
Built by man's frail hands, though fair it be ;
But in a fairer fane by Thee created,
Man's better self, arrayed in the white robe
Of smiling Purity, abidest Thou ;
- 25 Say who and whence this ruthless serpent was ;
Say—for 'twas Thou who in that lonely isle
Of Patmos in some strange mysterious way
Revealed to The Great Divine man's future state ;
E'en so, with kindly grace, things past reveal
- 30 To clear full many doubts—say through what cause,
What outrage to his power done, what crime,
How injured by our earliest parents he,
That he, though knowing the divine command,
Should pitilessly seek to win their doom ?
- 35 Was it through viewing their own happy state,
Their life so sweet, immortal-like, angelic,
(So like that life once his, once full of bliss,
Now turned to darkness) that embittered him
Against man innocent ? Why did he seek
- 40 To wreak his vengeance on the blissful pair
Whose purity and innocence of soul
By thought, far less by deed, had wronged him not ?
Was not his anger raised, his hatred moved,
Against *The Almighty*, who had cast him out
- 45 Of Heaven with his myriad rebel host ?
Then, why should he thus ruthlessly o'erthrow
Man, clothed in flesh made of the dust of earth,
To pay back woes wrought by a spirit-being ?
Can even wicked minds be so unjust ?

- 50 Thus mused I, and wind-swift full many thoughts,
Each plainer than the last, flowed through my mind,
And then anon, as though by unseen hand
Of power raised to some tall pinnacle, I—
A vision now bright, now ghastly, streamed around ;
55 The chariot of my thoughts rose high, as drawn
By fiery steeds ; before my eyes amazed
Rolled by a wondrous train of ancient scenes,
Casting on mystery the light of Truth :
While at my side methought The Unseen Pow'r
60 Stood and described the vision as it passed.
First (sight of sights unspeakable !) high Heav'n,
Lighted by God's own glorious face appeared
Shining with purer, brighter, whiter ray,
A thousand times more dazzling than the sun,
65 Whose radiance incomparable filled
With lovelier, softer, light the eternal realms
Of highest happiness, of brightest joy ;
Within whose nightless climes all time is naught,
All space is of no count ; where holiest Peace
70 Casts her fair smiling countenance and dwells ;
Where Virtue's graceful, beauteous, form abides
Unstained, for Sin can never enter there ;
Where myriad angels clad in shining robes
Whiter than whitest snow, pure as the light
75 Around them beaming, pace the hallowed soil
With softer step than Elves in Fairy-land ;
Whose faces tinged with roseate hue, though spirits,
Possess such beauty, with which when compared
The beauty of our world seems ugliness ;
80 Whose diamond eyes from which tears have not
[flowed

- 110 Which, when once entered, weary toil one hath
Who goes therein to find his way thereout.
So Satan filled with haughtiness took thought
How mighty he might be and in his heart
Pride swollen like a full-blown blossom oped
- 115 And bore a son in nature like herself,
Fatal Ambition, unbegot of sire,
Who knows no loyalty to any pow'r
However high it be—begotten not,
But yet adopted at his birth and bred
- 120 Within the falling angel's heart now blind,
From whom all peace of mind, all purity
Of thought, was now fast fading, while instead
Deep cares and fond anxiety filled his breast.
Then he, this new-adopted son, waxed strong
- 125 And though in infancy poured forth dread thoughts
Of foul revolt and pleased proud Satan's mind,
Till, surfeited with thoughts as fond as foul,
Himself he could no longer hold, but calls
Imperious the myriad angel host,
- 130 Spotless, beneath his sway and them bespeaks
Briefly but yet with bland and wily words :
" Fair flow'rs, that bloom within these happy fields
Of brightest heaven, clad in robes of light,
Whose greatest joy is song, whose heart is love,
- 135 Whose daily task to serve your great Creator
With heaving bosom and with praise outpoured ;
Sweeter your voice than honey ; crystal clear
Rings forth its tone melodious, full of charm,
Harmonious, worthy to be heard by him
- 140 Whose power is greatest here. O ye bright lights,
Who shining lighten heav'n, come, follow me,

That to your innocence of thought I may
Reveal glad tidings lately sprung to light
Within my higher being than yours, that ye
145 On hearing might rejoice and sing me praise.
Come, shining ones, attend your future bliss,
Yours it shall be if ye but heed my voice."

Thus Satan with his flattering cunning words
Spake, and the angels joyed to hear his voice
150 Superior; and like a flock of sheep
Which in the early morn goes forth to graze
Upon some lonely and sequestered mead,
Pursuing their boy-shepherd's steps, not knowing
Whither he tends his course but following him;
155 So they, the angel host, pursued the flight
Of Satan as he fared to fields unknown,
Nor wot they in their eagerness to fly
Behind their leader where they soared or why;
But of the throng each vying to draw near
160 To Satan's flight forgot all else besides,
Till hovering o'er some far retired spot
He stayed his flight—some spot which seemed to him
Without the sight of God, where God's right hand
Could not stretch out itself in might and smite
165 Him if rebellious with his rebel host.
There then he lighted, musing vainly thus,
Building within his mind an empire vast
Of emptiness; then with a sign he stayed
The foremost angels in their lissom flight,
170 Who sank to earth as did the other spirits.
Then like a swarm of bees which crowd around
And vie to draw near to their queen, when she
Hath found some novel resting-place for them

175 Swarmed round their chieftain, Satan, pressing
[hard

One on the other till he gave the word
To sit them down in peace and pay him heed.
Anon the din was hushed and silence reigned,
While Satan rose up in their midst and spake :

O wondrous-fashioned forms of glorious sheen !

Of what avail the richest beauty seen,

Of what avail the sweetest voices heard,

185 Of what avail indeed, if they but please

Another's will? Of what avail your might,

When ye, though lofty princes, deign to serve

A being like yourselves, though seeming high'r?

Who, robed but in proud semblance of great pow'r,

190 Raised on a lofty throne—too high he deems

For you to soar—keeps tyranny and casts

From this tall battlement a frowning face

On you, his servile equals here below !

The while, he deems it his good-will that ye

195 With veiled face and trembling form should sing

That one eternal strain which most he loves ;

While he, thus over-joyed, but feigns he grants

You suppliants here a share of happiness ;

And ye, in ignorance, purblind believe

200 Ye are so happy when ye only serve.

And so, with such belief, ye live content,

Having no true but a mere darkling ray

Of happiness ! Come, mighty stars of light ;

Come, kingly forms ; come, august heav'nly pow'rs,

- 205 Say whether of the twain is happier—
To reign or serve, to rule or to be ruled ?
Say—if this present servile life begets
Such happiness as now perchance ye hold,
Will not a higher life and loftier state
- 210 Extol that bliss of yours beyond all bounds ?
Think, will ye not the more enjoy as kings
The lives which now as servants ye enjoy ?
If then ye covet such felicity
Which far surpasses that your ruler hath,
- 215 (For he, your tyrant, holds perpetual fear
Lest his supremacy be overthrown,
Knowing full well how weak his power is)
If 'tis your will, ye princes, if your care,
To choose dominion to servility,
- 220 Give me your rapt attention, speak the word,
And I with speed will stir you to the deed ;
For I presume 'tis sweeter far to reign
E'en o'er an empty waste than be a slave,
How kind soe'er and gentle be the lord ! "
- 225 Such were his crafty death-alluring words,
Teeming with proud Rebellion's warrior guise,
Tainting the pure ethereal air of heav'n
With earliest birth of what was to be Sin.
- The while, the angels shouted loud applause
- 230 In answer to their kindly-meaning prince,
Their new-found champion in their servile state,
(So thought they, wrapped in pure simplicity)
And e'en as children, when they hear the voice
Of some loved comrade whom they well regard
- 235 Lamenting some oppression he endures
And uttering loud complaints in burning words,

- Invoking dread Revenge to right his wrong,
Feel in their tiny breasts a mighty flame
Stirred by his woes—O childish innocence!—
- 240 And proffer zealously their helpless aid,
Not witting if the tale they hear be true,
Nor if their strength be such to help their friend ;
So did the guileless angels grant their voice
Unwittingly in favour of their prince,
- 245 Nor doubted they his well-unravelled tale
And high-imagined plan ; but future thrones
And proud dominions yet unknown uprose
Before their blinded eyes—their pow'rs of thought,
Their keener sense of judgment, fading fast,
- 250 Steeped in the poisoned cup of Flattery.
They, thus affected, raised an impious shout
And praised their leader's proudly-shining form,
Each striving to surpass the other's voice
With added sweetness in their honied words.
- 255 But hark ! ere that they quelled their rebel shout,
Ere that their opened lips had ceased to praise,
A trumpet's blast was heard and then anon
A fleet-winged angel lighted in their midst,
Bright Gabriel, surpassing all in sheen ;
- 260 Whom when they saw, fear fell upon them all ;
Their proudly-quivering voices sank to rest,
And silence reigned amid the astounded host,
While Gabriel with angry looks proclaimed
His mission and rebuked the erring throng :
- 265 “ Ye dwellers in the most high vault of heav'n,
Eternal spirits, clad in shining robes
Which gain their lustre from the Most High God,
What fiery madness hath possessed your minds,

- What wild vain dream hath seized your once
[pure thoughts,
- 270 That ye should wander to the ends of heav'n
To plot against your great Creator's pow'r?
What! Did ye think to steal away unknown
To God's all-seeing and unerring eye?
What! Did ye deem this spot without His sight
- 275 Though far away? Then whence appears the light
Which shines so brightly on these distant realms
If 'tis not from the Almighty's hidden face?
Ah, wretched fellow-angels, know ye not
That God is omnipresent, though unseen,
- 280 And knoweth all that angels do and think
Ere that they know themselves? O simple hearts,
O minds of innocence, which know no crime,
Pure souls without discretion, having lived
A sinless life of goodness, void of guile;
- 285 O spirits that have known no trace of care,
Beware of pride and hearken unto me,
And learn how vain deceptive and untrue
Are Satan's words—for God hath heard them all?
Yea! gaze not thus astonished at my voice,
- 290 For God is everywhere, e'en with us now,
Though we can see Him not with our frail eyes.
See therefore that ye pay heed to my words
And not provoke the Most High God to wrath,
For He hath sent me here to tell a tale
- 295 At which the hearts of all should burn with shame.
“Long since, in ages past, when first we breathed
Through God's beneficence and saw the light
Of Heav'n's proud main, then gave God to us all
The rare imperishable gift of Life

- 300 Eternal, to be spent by us in joy
And happiness, or else be spent in woe
And misery, according to our works.
Then few restrictions placed He in our way,
But gave us full access to every bliss
- 305 That could be holden in these precious realms,
Save that He warned us to beware of Pride,
Our greatest enemy, though then unborn.
Thus gave he Freewill to us all to choose
What state of life we would that ours should be,
- 310 Nor did He destine us, some to preserve
Their blessed felicity and some to lose
Their share of Heav'n and fall to utter woe ;
Nay, 'twas not so ; for equal were we made
With equal happiness, with equal pow'r,
- 315 And of us not a single one was born
With greater chances than his fellows held ;
For well ye know that when the Dawn of Life
First gave us being we were all alike
In beauty, form, in voice and excellence ;
- 320 Nor are our present states unequal now
Though they may seem to be, though twain of us
(Myself, and he who fain would tempt you now)
By constant worship of the Most High God,
By constant service, giv'n of our free will,
- 325 Have gained a lustre brighter than your own
From dwelling more beneath the Almighty's throne;
And this communion blest hath made us wise,
Yea, wiser than you all ; but yet we know
That we possess no higher being than yours,
- 330 Nor greater bliss (for such could not exist)
Since 'twas not with ambition that we served,

- So that our service might beget for us
 Some loftier state ; but 'twas an undying love
 Which seized us thus to do—and so we did ;
 335 And like as we have done, so can ye do ;
But serve as I have served and not as he ;
 For I have served ambitionless, content,
 Nor can I more desire ; for better state
 And more celestial life can none possess,
 340 Than that which now ye hold and I with you ;
 But he, imperious Satan, though he served
 At first without ambition like to me,
 Hath changed his once unselfishness to pride
 And thus hath gone astray. For when one day,
 345 As was his willing wont, he came to serve,
 (Though he through pride would fain have stayed
 [away,
 Yet dared not, lest suspicion should arise
 And God should overthrow his daring plan)
 God with His eye all-seeing, warned him thus :
 350 “ Why didst thou not, O Satan, stay away
 And follow up thy pride-creating thoughts
 Instead of playing thus the hypocrite
 And coming to My throne in humble guise
 While thou wouldst Me o'erthrow ? What ! Didst
 [thou think
 355 That I who made thee could not read thy thoughts
 And scan thy mind ? If so, thou art deceived.
 Yet, will I shew thee mercy for this once
 If thou repent and turn thee from thy way ;
 But if thou plottest still and breedest sin,
 360 Then will I cast thee from these shining realms
 To outer darkness, for no sin can dwell

In heaven. Therefore, come not thus again
 Unto My throne lest I should cut thee off,
 From Light and from My face forevermore!"

- 365 "Thus spake the Almighty, merciful and just,
 Not willing to deprive him of his bliss ;
 But Satan would not heed the pardon voice,
 But hath been brooding since o'er vanity,
 Till now he seeks to add your doom to his.
- 370 By sowing in your minds the rebel seed
 Of black Revolt who aids nor friend nor foe,
 But conquerors and conquered both alike
 Fall at his feet, while strangers take the prize.
 Wherefore, my comrades, be not so deceived,
- 375 And let false Flattery bring you down to shame ;
 For he who bids you thus to go astray
 Hath nought of pow'r himself nor have you aught
 Wherewith to render harm unto yourselves
 (Did ye but try) far less unto your God
- 380 Who made you all when ye were but a void.
 Know therefore in yourselves that He who made
 Is greater than His work and can unmake,
 Did but His mind determine so to do.
 But in His mercy He hath gazed on you
- 385 Full of compassion for your innocence,
 And hath impelled me here to shew the truth
 And save you from yourselves. Come, Angels
[bright,
 Return with me and leave the Voice of Doom ;
 For He who hither hasted me is Love
- 390 And will forgive the crime and will forget,
 And ye shall live in all your former joy,
 With grateful thought for Him who spares you now!"

- Thus Gabriel ; but ere he ceased to speak,
Ere that his pleading voice had sunk to rest,
395 Satan had risen up with threatening mien
To warn him off, as though the field was *his*,
And *he* had but to nod and seal his doom
If his intruding dared defy *his* rule ;
For in his heart already was he king,
400 Already had he sat on Heav'n's throne.
So therefore blind, in true majestic pose,
Stood Satan looking on with proud disdain,
Nor deigned he answer give to Gabriel
Save by a scowl, but thus addressed the host :
405 " Ye shining pow'rs of heav'n, will ye believe
Aught that this creature saith, or aught he tells
Of my career so evilly set forth
And painted black to meet his rival ends ?
Know this, my comrades, he himself would fain
410 Be in my stead this moment, for I ween
That Jealousy e'en now reigns in his breast
And prompts him thus to use his master's name
To gain his purpose. Yea, how craftily,
How covertly, he hath entreated you
415 By words of guileful pardoning for all
As though a fault was done ! But why this tone ?
Ye angels, are ye blind ? Can ye not see
How this kind tale of pardon veils the truth ?
For he, your tyrant, fears your flight, lest ye
420 May war him down, and so feigns peace with you,
Deeming your knowledge mighty loss to him
If he but threatens. Yet, if he should win
By niggard guile, then will ye all be slaves
A thousand-fold more servile than before ;

- 425 For who is there, who, when once sinned against.
Holdeth the offender in the same esteem,
Though greatly-penitent ? Nay, mighty stars,
Shine brightly now in freedom and abide
With me, your guide, and warn this babbler home
430 To bear the bitter tidings to his lord."

- Thus Satan, greatly confident, spake forth,
And silence fell upon the wavering throng
As they revolved in mind the opposing words
And weighed the argument. Anon brake forth
435 A din unspeakable, nor could be stilled,
Till Michael, seeing that the day went hard
Against the Almighty's prophet, Gabriel,
And that the uncertain host was led away
By poisoned flattery or by quivering fear,
440 Awoke to life amid this angel web
And stirred himself, together with a few
Who of the host were fixed to God in mind,
And greatly strove in thought to save the rest
From black Perdition ; and the plan, when wrought,
445 Anon was changed to deed. For with his wings
He soared on high above the appalling hum
Of myriad voices, to attract their gaze.
Nor vainly did he try ; for every eye
Was raised aloft and raptly fixed on him ;
450 Which when he saw, he signed them with his
[hand,
And wondering silence closed their opened lips,
While Michael caught the happy chance and spake :
" My wavering fellow-angels, well I know
How great this mighty tangle racks your breast,
455 And how within your heart misgivings hard

- Beset your puzzled thoughts, yet I would fain
Reveal to you what hath been judged by me
The saner issue of the argument—
To me it seems 'twere better far to keep
460 That real state which we full certain hold
Than risk it for a promised shadowy realm
Which never might be ours. Why should we doubt
These latest words of Gabriel—his lips
Were never known to lie, nor hath he done
465 At any time aught that hath wrought us harm
That we should brand him “Guileful Babbler” now
And place beneath the ban his trusty voice?
Nay, fellow-angels, ne’er can ye convict
Of blind ambition such integrity
470 As Gabriel hath; for in his very words
Not e’en a shade of haughtiness was heard.
But what of him who bids you make him lord
Of all your host—can this be said of *him*?
Nay, for Ambition rules his inmost heart,
475 Ambition who is fraught with good for none.
For he who is ambitious hath no care
What fate befall the helpers to his ends,
For them who aid him he as weapons counts,
Nor do their lives receive a thought from him
480 If he but gains his goal, and they fall slain,
While he through their hard toiling takes the palm!
Therefore beware, my comrades, lest great ill
O’ertake your zeal for Satan’s impious dream
Of conquered heav’n and of a phantom throne
485 And bring you loss. For even if he won
His object proud, think ye that ye would share
His coveted dominion and enjoy

- An equal part in pow'r? Nay such a thought
Lies far from him; for ye, if anything,
490 Will hold perchance a state far worse than now.
Moreover how ungrateful must we seem
To Him whose kindness brought us forth to light
And gave us being that we should slight Him now
To please a discontent to whom we owe
495 Naught save it be our ruin! Angels, think;
For 'tis our bounden duty to our God
To be content with whatsoever life
He hath us giv'n; too happy that we live
Since by His bounty 'tis we live at all.
500 And so, my comrades, fix your choice to mine,
Seeking the better path that rights the wrong."
Thus Michael; and the silence of the throng
Anon brake loose its bonds; for there uprose
A shout unquenchable from myriad throats,
505 The greater part of Heav'n's shining forms,
Proclaiming Michael "Captain of the Host,"
But he replied that only God was such,
Which self-forgetful utterance pleased them more
And made his latest words more powerful;
510 Till Satan, fearing lest the day be lost,
Lest his fair legions should desert his cause,
Quickly arose and spake these hurried words:
"Ye battlements of heav'n, invincible,
Whose mighty pow'rs as yet untested lie,
515 Ye trusty bulwarks, guardians of these realms,
Know ye that through your presence heaven stands,
And that without your aid your present King
Would be unarmed, since ye his sole arms are,
Who guard his person. Think ye one and all,

- 520 Why made he you if 'twere not for his use,
If 'twere not thus to make his throne secure?
Therefore if ye but turn against him now,
And him surprise ere he prepare to fight,
He lieth in your pow'r. But when ye win,
525 (Although ye lately heard the opposing side)
Know that I will bestow upon you all,
My faithful comrades, equal share and share
In all I gain, and ye with me shall reign.
For Monarchy is cruel Tyranny
530 Wrapped in a veil which hides its meaner name,
While just Democracy shall rule our realm,
And Liberty's fair flag shall float on high.
Therefore with pinions swift let us betake
Ourselves, and hurl the tyrant from his throne ;
535 For he is yet unarmed and we can win
Fair Heaven's lofty main ere he is ware
And moulds a new creation to oppose
Our furious onslaught. Haste then, warriors bold,
Stay his revenge on you and gain your crown."
540 Thus Satan, and he oared his pinions high
Intent to shape his impious words to deed
Full sanguine of the Almighty's dread o'erthrow
And of his captured realm. But lo ! for him
Scarce did the half of Heaven's bright angels rise
545 To follow him, while far the greater host
Held fast to Michael and to Gabriel,
Restored in mind to wisdom's better sense,
While blinded madness seized the hearts of those
Allied to Satan in his foul attempt.
550 But ere that they had floated in the air,
Ere that proud Satan's flight had cleft the sky,

Brighter the light flashed forth and circled them
With thousand-fold more power than was wont,
While with an awe-inspiring mighty shock
555 The Almighty's voice teemed forth with penalty :
" Ye rebels (though the Arch-Rebel wrought you
[thus),

Ye traitors, thought ye that I knew it not,
Nor could o'ertake this idle plot of him
Who dooms you now *to share what shall be his*,
560 *But yet not Heaven* but a throne unknown
Which none will envy or desire to gain.
Ne'er in these realms of Peace may War abide,
Nor on these happy shores the unhappy dwell
Such as ye are, or ye would be content.
565 Therefore as ye would fain defile with woe
Such blessedness and spread the cup of strife
O'erturning it on Heaven's sabbath blest,
Betake yourselves to apter realms than these
Where such foul plans perchance may find their soil
570 And fix their root and spring, but never *here*
May sin abide and hope to dwell within.
Therefore begone for evermore from Heav'n,
Eternal exiles from the eternal shore."

Thus spake the just indignant King of Heav'n,
575 And Satan and his host began to sink
Lead-like, although their fleet wings strove to fly,
Yet strove in vain, for heavier than their wings
Could bear aloft was ponderous sin's great load
And bent them down through the light air of heav'n
580 Windswift like lightning's flash across the sky,
Until at length they wearied of the task
And cast themselves adrift with wings outstretched,

- While fear beset them all because the light
 Dimmed greatly in their downward flight, more
 [scant
 585 Each moment as they fell, till soon anon
 (Heav'n's bounds now past) thick darkness shrouded
 [them
 And dazed their sight and thought; and for a
 [space
 The knowledge of events was veiled from them
 In the dark void until their eyes grew wont
 590 By custom to perceive amid the gloom,
 And owl-like pierce the blinding blackest shade
 Scarce melting visible beneath their gaze.
 Then saw they once again their comrades forms
 Floating beside their own and raised a cheer,
 A ghostly cheer, in joy because each knew
 That he at least was not alone in air
 595 Amid the appalling shroud of deepest night. [tried,
 Then with that cheer once more their wings they
 And marvellous! their pinions were unharmed,
 Their former strength restored! And in their woe
 A second joy brake forth, for eyes and wings
 600 Were theirs again. But soon to them returned
 Thoughts of their present fall which drowned their
 [joy.
 So when at length they spake, 'twas Sorrow's voice
 Mingled with loud complaint and bitter grief.
 But suddenly their Captain's niggard form
 605 Stood dimly seen amid the lightless void
 And in their doubting sight appeared as one
 Uncertain nor was recognized by them
 Till when he spake—but what a voice! How low!

- How downcast since his latest words of pride !
610 How strange the tones so changed came from his
[lips
Feeble and sad while yet he spake these words :
‘Comrades, fall’n comrades, had I tears to shed,
Full plenteous would they flow for you, but now
What can I say that will unload your woe
615 Since through our dallying we have lost our throne ?
Since the Almighty’s pow’r is mightier
Than what we thought, since half the angel host
Played traitor and hath brought us thus our fall ?
But yet, what gain can these complaints now bring ?
620 Of what avail your sad reproaches now ?
Yea, cease from them !—for though we have not
[Heav’n,
Though those bright realms be gone forevermore,
Yet have we these dark shores wherein to reign,
Yea *reign* here now, when we but served in heav’n ;
625 And when accustomed to these Thrones of Night,
These paths of Liberty, we shall forget
Our former light and welcome gloom with joy
Far from the Tyrant’s face and from his throne.”
Thus Satan spake, consoling and content,
630 And in their darkened hearts a small joy beamed
While on the host this spark of happiness
Hid all their woes and they forgot a while
Their exile state amid the desert void.



LOVE IN EXILE.

AN IDYLL.

LOVE IN EXILE.

An Idyll.

I.

GR^{EAT} Fount of Love divine, Eternal God,
Who madest man by moulding with the clay
Of Thy pure essence but one tiny ray,
To raise to life and rule the earthy sod ;

Whom though unseen, we feel Thy presence nigh,
Warned by that never-dying spark within,
Which bids our conscience speak and ward from sin
The wavering flesh that soon must fade and die.

And yet to die is but to part again
The living soul from the unliving dust,
And free the Immortal from the mortal lust,
To soar we know not where, but we would fain.

Yea, fain to Thee, O Love, we would appeal,
Instruct us that our wandering human thought
May not purblind mislead us, but be taught
Aright by Thee and not by crafty zeal.

Thee, therefore, I invoke, Great Fire Divine,
To tabernacle in this earthly frame,
That in this loveless world I may proclaim
Thy real self and Thou in truth may'st shine.

Shed forth Thy light, unveil our darkened eyes,
Reveal Thy truth and bid our visions flee,
That all the Worldly-Wise may gaze on Thee,
And gazing may at last become *unwise*.

II.

The months have fled and lost themselves in years,
A thousand changes have this world o'erspread,
Since that sad eve, when on his dying bed,
A well-loved comrade melted me to tears.

"Farewell!" said he, "but ere that I depart,
Ere that my flickering flame of life be fled,
Kind friend, draw near, draw nearer to my head,
And hear my feeble breath reveal my heart.

"This simple tale of love to some, I ween,
May be a chance for plenteous ridicule ;
But in Death's Hour the Wise Man and the Fool
Alike must turn to dust, no more be seen !

"This knowing, therefore, I to thee lay bare
A secret iron-bound within my breast,
Cause of great woes and cause of much unrest,
And cause of this my death through wasting care.

III.

“’Twas on a summer’s eve (a sky more fair
Ne’er smiled on earth than on that sun-lit day)
Across a humble dale I made my way
To see an aged friend who loved me dear.

“Ah, harmless visit! Full well may I sigh!
To think to make one glad was but my bent,
And in return, alas, I should be sent
To meet my destiny and then to die!

“For there a glorious figure, mighty fair,
A tall proud stately form before me stood,
(Not proud in earth’s conceit, but proudly good)
With light blue eyes and faintly-golden hair.

“She smiled, and Love beamed on us in his power,
And though no tender word between us passed,
Heart answered heart and lot with lot was cast,
And soul met soul in one short silent hour.

“Then oft by chance I met her day by day;
Oft too we stayed our steps and spake awhile
Some word of greeting—thus to each beguile
The truer reason in a modest way!

“Soon Rumour’s busy-meddling voice was heard,
And gossipers uprose on every side
Like bristling spears to part me from my bride;
Then was my love proclaimed nor more deferred.

“ Ah happy hour !—but swiftly changed to woe,
For soon our cruel foes their dread plots laid,
And made us doubt full oft and oft upbraid
Each other's love—the truth how could we know ?

“ And thus I pined and mourned till stern Disease
Swept o'er my frame and bade me waste away ;
For sorrow follows sorrow day by day,
And health in grief forgotten quickly flees.

“ Then in each sad and lonely hour's strain
While bitter burning doubts my soul pursued,
Thought's fiery voice would shout : “ Ingratitude !
There is no love—all love is false and vain ! ”

IV.

“ O cruel World, thy Sons why thus destroy
By Slander's false foul tongue ? *Are they not thine ?*
Then why shouldst thou not joy to see them shine,
And be to thee a pride and not a toy ?

“ And ye, Man's Friends, why are ye friends in name,
And call yourselves by Friendship's holy tie,
While ye true Friendship secretly belie,
And with false tongues fair fames drag down to shame ?

“ Think, are ye not far worse than enemies ?
For *they* make open war with us, but ye
Through mild suspicion slander secretly,
And then return and play the friend with ease !

“Have ye no conscience, hypocrites, who seem
So kind and fair and yet are false within?
Another’s fall! can such grief for you win
The pleasure of which oft you sit and dream?

“What is Man’s Life that one should envy him
His tiny pleasures, shadows of the sweet?
Doth he not too the bitter oft-times meet?
Doth not his youth soon yield to Old-age grim?

“Avaunt, false friends! For ye do but blaspheme
The sacred name of Friendship’s union true,
That noble bond held by a very few,
Yet free to all, but thought an empty dream!

“For friend his friend defends if cause arise,
Nor utters truth if it be ill at all,
For never slander from *his* lips shall fall
To harm his fellow-creatures in men’s eyes!

“Nor will he list to Scandal’s evil voice
When others speak; for of a higher mould
Is Friendship true and standeth fire like gold,
Refusing o’er man’s fall to make rejoice.

“O covenant divine, would that the earth
With all her sons would take thee for her good,
And feed on thee, for thou art holy food,
That thou may’st give their lives a nobler birth!

“ For veiled in selfishness man’s heart grows blind,
And surfeited with pride he boasts a lie,
Forgetting soon that he must fade and die,
And all his glories vanish from the mind.

V.

“ Happy is he who hath the Key of Love
And keepeth it untarnished in his breast, ;
For bliss is his and every hour is blest
By pure communion holy from above.

“ Peace too is His, for all in Love is peace,
There neither fears nor doubts disturb the mind ;
But sweet Contentment, happiest of its kind,
Reigns o’er his soul and gives perpetual ease.

“ Love is long-suffering, of a pitying mind ;
Love envieth not nor seeketh she her own ;
Pure though her heart, she ne’er would cast the stone
At them that fall, for Love is ever kind.

“ Love hopeth, beareth, and believeth all ;
Love never faileth though all else shall fail ;
Love shall be perfect when we tear the veil
Which shades our eyes and renders vision small.

“ For as a child through flesh we childlike think.
And darkly see Love’s pure eternal stream ;
But when we Manhood reach from Childhood’s dream,
The veil is torn ; we stand upon the brink.

“Then all grows clear and doubts dissolve away ;
Love then we know in all her essence pure ;
And cheery Hope and pious Faith demure
Yield unto Love the throne on that bright day.

VI.

“Vainly I muse on bright Perfection’s face,
For Earth hath nothing perfect in her bounds ;
But fleeting Change or sad Decay surrounds
Life’s tiny day ; soon others fill our place.

“Forgive me, friend, if I should weary you
With these my broken, rambling, dying cries ;
These ravings pour like floods before mine eyes ;
You would forgive them if you only knew !

“I was a mortal with a mortal’s love,
O’erwhelmed with anxious fears and doubts and cares ;
Oft too I trod Mind’s red-hot burning shares,—
I was a mortal with a mortal’s love ?

“Alas, for mortal love ! Its greatest zeal,
Its mightiest flame doth but consume its own ;
Man wastes away mid many a tear and groan
When mortal love corrodes him with her wheel.

“For when we love, we think what might befall
The loved one and our thoughts are filled with fear,
And daily tortures rack our minds with care,
If we but love ; for such is love to all.

“ Ah had I loved with God’s diviner love,
A thousand times more happy had I been !
But who such purest love on earth hath seen ?
None, save he hath received it from above.

“ I therefore doubted her whom best on earth
I loved and for her truly would have died ;
But yet we parted in the seething tide
Of black Despair which rose at Anger’s birth.

“ Pride filled our hearts, than human love more strong,
Pride, empty pride, which caused the angels’ fall,
And pictured to our minds some giant tall ;—
“ This is thyself ! ” said Pride, “ canst thou do wrong ?

“ Nay, ’twas the other that did wrong thee here !
What ! wilt thou yield when thou art in the right ? ”
And so our lives were plunged in Sorrow’s blight,
And parted in our wrath without a tear.

VII.

“ How sweet Reflection is to mortal thought !
How wise its essence and its teaching clear !
For it unfolds the truth and brings us near
To saner deeds than Anger ever taught !

“ And so I pondered in my lonely state
What might have been, had not my pride been hot ;
But yet Humility was not my lot,
And for me was reserved a cruel fate.

“ Ah, blessed Humility ! if man but knew
The wealth of victories you daily win ;
The noble fights by which you keep from sin
Those sons of man who vanity eschew !

‘ How truly small doth all Earth’s grandeur seem
When brought to light before the humble eye ;
Simplicity in joy aloud can cry :

“ I have no earthly pomp—such is a dream !”

“ My voice grows faint ; now hardly can I speak ;
Death’s veil falls o’er my eyes, scarce can I see ;
Draw nearer friend, draw nearer unto me
And hear my dying words ; one boon I seek.

“ When I am gone, then go thou unto her,
Her whom I love and ever loved before ;
Say that I loved her unto Death’s dark shore
And sought forgiveness at the last from her.

“ And if she loves me still, then give her cheer,
And comfort her by saying that my death
Was calm and peaceful—with my latest breath
I called her name and wished that she were near.

“ And now, kind friend, adieu ! for naught can live
Forever in this world where Death is king ;
Farewell ! But may your life you gladness bring !
The trouble that I cause you, friend, forgive !”

He ceased to speak ; his voice in death had fled ;
Tears filled my eyes ; sad memories came to mind ;
He was a noble friend and ever kind !
A noble face still shone, though from the dead !

Then o'er him dead we scattered lilies fair,
His love and I, and decked with purple flow'rs
His simple grave ; and there full many hours
The passer-by may see her falling tear.

There is no epitaph ; a milk-white dove,
Emblem of purest love, stands at his head ;
If epitaph there were, such would be read :
" I was a mortal, with a mortal's love !



Minor Poems.

POEMS
OF
A SOBER NATURE.

POEMS OF A SOBER NATURE.

POEM I.

On The Death of Queen Victoria.

MOURNFUL the dirge that floats upon the air,
Solemn with measured beat the death-bell tolls—
Victoria lies amid the silent souls
Who sleep the sleep that knows nor time nor care.

How, cruel Death, how couldst thou dare to wrest
With hands relentless from loved ones' embrace
One so beloved and with thy gloomy face
To darken homes clad in joy's sun-bright vest?

Be comforted, ye mourners, no more weep
For the departed dead—far happier they
Than we who in these living realms yet stay;
Death lays the toil-worn sufferer's pain to sleep.

Where lies thy triumph, Grave? 'Tis peaceful rest
That o'er thy silent icy regions flows;
Thy feared sting, Death, leads but to calm repose;
Time dwells not there; Sleep lulls Life's troubled breast.

POEM II.

An Appeal in the hour of Sickness.

Lord, Thou who healedst pains of old,
In this dire hour draw nigh ;
A bleeding lamb cries from the fold,
Good Shepherd, hear its cry.

The ravening wolf its flesh hath torn ;
Death, fell fiend, lies in wait ;
O save !—its life may yet adorn
Thy little flock sedate.

O spare me, Lord !—my youthful years !—
Life's web is not half spun ;
Take pity on beloved ones' tears—
But yet Thy will be done !

POEM III.

Ode to Tennyson.

O thou but lately decked with laurels green,
Whose fair brow shone with Poesy's wreath of gold,
O thou who sleepest in Death's marble fold,
Still lives thy silent dust, thy star still seen.

Sage bard, whose muse the Aonian maids inspired
With loftiest sweetest melodies, whose song
Majestic held spell-bound the enthusiast throng
Who joyed to hear thy music voice when fired.

Eternal strains ! For ye (though now no more
Your master breathes) yet live where knows nor Time
Nor Envy's mocking voice nor heartless Death ;
But clad in robes immortal high ye soar,
Whilst, wedded to the lyre's melodious chime,
Music like perfume sweet steals from your breath.

POEM IV.

A Song of the Passion.

Garden of Gethsemane
Jesus with apostles three
Reached and prayed in agony
“ Father, take this cup from Me ! ”

Bitter was the anguish sore
When betrayed, forsook, denied ;
Guiltless, lamblike, all He bore
Even taunts from those who lied.

Scourged and slain for sinners died
He, deserted, shared the grave,
He, the Father's greatest Pride,
Death of deaths, shame, man to save!

Rich-tombed—third morn glorified,
Shining pure celestial bright,
Clad in holier robes—who died
He rose Saviour, Light of Light.

Sad hearts to Emmaus fared
Sorrowing for their Master dead ;
Unknown by them He appeared,
Later known by breaking bread.

Parting, while The Eleven gazed,
He was lifted from their sight ;
Angels promised them amazed
His return as Prince of Light.

Watching, Lord, Thy children wait
To receive Thy Advent due ;
Some may say Thou comest late—
We believe Thy promise true !

POEM V.

To My Father, Alexander Bayley,
Christmastide 1903.

Dear father, may God grant thee such a life
Of happiness and peace and joy and rest
As hath been pictured here. And may thy days,
Thy closing days, be calm and full of light
Shed from the beams of God's celestial face.
May Bethlehem's bright star shine through thy life
And make thy toil a pleasure not a pain ;
May earthly troubles seem but what they are—
Mere trivial things, not worthy of account,
Compared with sufferings the Master bore.

For troubles are but made to try the good,
As gold is proved when tested by the fire ;
So therefore are *our* trials but the fire
To test the true good in our lives, that we
Might know how much alloy we hold in us.
So may the Christ-child's uncomplaining life
Be thine and mine ! May Patience shed her ray
Of self-contentment on our lives that we
Will never deign to call our trials woes,
But smile upon them, happy to endure
The *tiny* prints made by the cruel nails
Deep-driven in our Lord and Master's soul.
So may this Christmas-tide be full of joy
For thee ; and may the Angel's song of peace
Dwell in thy heart and bring thee gladsome news
As o'er *thy* flock at home thou keepest watch.
Then shalt thou gladly seek the new-born Babe
And offer gold and myrrh and frankincense
Before the lowly manger where the Lord
Of all the kingdoms of the world is laid.
Then with a thankful heart in peace depart
Intent to live His life from day to day !

POEM VI.

The Stream of Hope.

Ruggèd though the mountain slopes,
While Life's cold stream onward flows ;
Ruggèd though be all our hopes,
Though the sorrow grows and grows ;

Still the stream rolls on and on,
Little checked by rocks and trees—
So shall Hope's dark doubts be gone,
Leaving joy and peace and ease.

POEM VII.

Humility.

Father in Heaven,
 Whose unending sway,
Guideth frail mortals
 Who live but a day,
Guide me, Thy little child,
 Weary and weak,
Wandering, toiling,
 Thy footsteps to seek ;
Famishing, feed me,
 If 'tis but a crust ;
Father remember
 I am but of dust !
Show me Thy loving
 And pitying face ;
Shed on me humble
 Thy pardoning grace.
Father in heaven,
 Look down from Thy throne,
Pity me, save me,
 Redeem me, Thine own !

POEM VIII.

Ode to My Father, Alexander Bayley
On his 52nd Birthday.

Dearest and best of fathers mine,
Beloved by me and all thine own,
Esteemed by friends who thee have known,
Receive thy first-born's humble rhyme.

Thou holdest o'er thy home a sway
To thee by God divinely given ;
Thou, earthly father, thou hast striven
To show thy sons the rightful way.

By thine example thou hast taught
The life thou wouldest have us lead,
And oft with grief thy heart would bleed
Whene'er we set thy laws at naught.

Thy righteous chastisement seemed stern
If e'er against thee we rebelled ;
Yet thou, forgiving all, beheld
With joy thy prodigal's return.

Thy labours should we now release,
And give thee joy while yet thou art—
Thou spent'st for us Life's better part,
We now should toil to give thee peace !

POEM IX.

The Past, Present, and Future.

I. THE PAST.

A wilderness of idle waste and strife
 Dark as the night—
So seem the bygone hours of misspent life
 Within our sight ;
Yet here and there a tiny star sheds light
 Upon the scene—
Our small good deeds these are that shine so
 Though far between. [bright,

II. THE PRESENT.

A road which parts in two comes into sight ;
 Doubt fills our souls ;
We vainly wonder which one leads aright
 Unto our goal ;
Guideless we argue in our ignorance
 Until the Light
Of Heaven has waned; then lost as in a trance
 We blame the night.

III. THE FUTURE.

A glorious sunrise from a lofty hill
 The Future seems ;
Our hopes rise high within our breasts, but still
 Our hopes are dreams ;
For while we muse on what shall be, alas !
 The Present sets ;
And Future's unattainable soon pass
 And leave regrets.

POEM X

The Sorrow of Rita.

Death touched her heart. Her weeping eyes flowed
[tears

Commingled with a stream of golden love ;
She mourned to leave the partner of her years
Ne'er seen again till they should meet above.
Her youthful soul was crushed ; her bravery
Was melted in that parting agony.

"Farewell !" The thought flashed through her
mind—"Fore'er ?"

"Nay, not fore'er !" replied Hope's cheery voice,
"Though parted from the Loved-lost many a year,
The time will come to meet and to rejoice !"
Friends stood around, but no word could she say ;
Her voice was stifled till the tears gave way.

POEM XI.

Requiescat In Pace.

IN memory of Joseph Latimer King (of Barbados, West Indies)
Second-year Medical Student of McGill University, Montreal,
Canada, who died of pulmonary tuberculosis in the Royal
Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on February 25th, 1903.

Once more, Aonian Maids, my soul inspire
With saddest sweetest music that my lay
May softly echo o'er the quivering lyre
In mournful tune to-day.

For Lycidas, his father's greatest pride,
Young Lycidas, beloved of all, lies dead ;
Whom better fortunes cruel Fate denied
And granted woes instead.

Him in the bloom of Life's sweet early hour,
When hopes rose highest in his manly breast,
Him toiling up the steep of Fame's proud tower
Untimely Death oppressed.

Of slender build but fearless heart, he came
From isles whose shores eternal summers bathe
To wintry realms of frost and chilly rain,
Where wild winds rudely scathe.

A stranger's hand thy dying eyelids closed
When thou hadst uttered low thy last request ;
A stranger smiled at seeing thee reposed
In calm unwaking rest.

Farewell, farewell ! for tears avail no more ;
The sufferer now hath reached the farther shore :
Farewell, lamented youth, thy toils are o'er ;
Farewell for evermore !

POEM XII.

Three Thoughts.

Two snow-white lilies on the virgin bank
Of Life's pure crystal stream
Are Youth and Innocence, of noblest rank,
A sweet and happy dream.

Two withered leaves, as in the forest lie
At Winter's earliest cold,
Are Old-Age and Experience, left to die
And turn to earthy mould.

Two evergreens that never fade away,
Though centuries revolve,
Are Time and vast Eternity's long day,
A puzzle hard to solve.

POEM XIII.

Be happy While You May.

I met a little orphan girl,
A child of tender years,
Whose wasted limbs through poverty
Would melt a stone to tears ;
But yet in spite of all her wants
Her gentle voice would say :
" You can't be happy always, so
Be happy while you may ! "

I took the little angel home
For she had touched my heart ;
And of the little I possessed
She had a welcome part ;
And when at times I was downcast,
Her cheering voice would say :
" You can't be happy always, so
Be happy while you may ! "

But now—as I recall the past,
A tear steals down my cheek—
The little Optimist is gone
Far happier realms to seek.
But yet her spirit dwells with me,
For when I'm sad I say :
“You can't be happy always, so
Be happy while you may !”

POEM XIV.

England, Our Noble Motherland.

Land of the true, the brave, the free,
Queen of the boundless deep blue sea,
Queen of all noble loyalty—
England, I sing of thee !
Mother of sons of note and worth,
Sons of a noble, lofty, birth,
Sons to be future kings of earth,
Blest with prosperity.

Lover of right and equity,
Hater of all iniquity,
Blessed for thine inborn piety,
Worthy of greatest praise !
Loved by thy loyal Colonies,
Cheered for thy glorious victories,—
Conquer thy cruel enemies ;
Teach them thy noble ways !

Quell every nation's cruelty,
Destroy all foul brutality,
Root out all base idolatry ;
Poor sufferers release !
Teach nations to abstain from sin :
Fight, if need be—the day thou'lt win ;
And with thy victory usher in
The thousand years of peace !

POEM XV.

The Gambler.

Sanguine of proud success, he goes within
And joins the players in the gambling-hall ;
The cards are shuffled, dealt,—he hopes to win :
And win he does ; but lo, the pool is small.
This spurs him on ; the stakes this time are raised ;
Again he wins and for his ^luck is praised.

The morning dawns and rosy day comes on ;
A young man leaves the hall in wretched plight ;
His hopes are shattered and his fortunes gone :
The daylight seems to him the blackest night.
Ruin and Misery stare him in the face—
He takes his coward life to end disgrace !

POEM XVI.

The Pilgrim's Prayer.

Father in Heaven, whose powerful hand
Stilleth the storms on the sea and the land,
See me, Thy little child, helpless and poor,
Striving to seek Thee, yet straying the more ;
Tossed on the billow of Life's stormy sea,
Save me, O Father, pray, bring me to Thee !
Life in Thy bosom is peaceful and calm ;
Sweet are the hours and healing the balm
Of Thy kind, loving, and pitying face ;
Banished is Sorrow, of Pain not a trace ;
Gentle the slumber and pleasing the dreams ;
Green are the pastures and cooling the streams ;
Happy the faces, which smile all the day ;
Eyes sparkle brightly—their tears wiped away ;
Clear is the ring of the silvery voice ;
Blithe is the song of the hearts which rejoice.
There is no night there, nor moon of the night,
Neither the sun's face, for God is their light.
There all is happy, but here all so sad ;
Life seems so weary whene'er it is bad ;
Strivings and sorrows and longings so wild
Seek to o'erwhelm me, Thy weak little child ;
Father in Heaven, stretch forth Thy right arm,
Save and defend me from trouble and harm !
Bring me, Thy lost one, back into Thy fold ;
Shepherd me, Father, e'en like as of old ;

Pardon, O Father, my waywardness wild ;
Take back Thy sinful but penitent child.
Father in Heaven, stretch forth Thy right arm,
Save and defend me from trouble and harm !

POEM XVII.

For the Dead in the Boer War.

Toll, toll, ye church-bells, toll, in mournful strain ;
Toll for the braves departed, now no more ;
Toll for the heroes dead on Afric's plain,
In mighty sleep, unwaked by cannon's roar !

Sing, mournful choirs, sing the sacred dirge,
Joined sadly by the organ's solemn sound ;
Sing for the daring, swept by battle's surge,
Than whom more gallant none could e'er be found !

Weep, fathers, weep for sons who were your pride ;
Weep, mothers, for the babes you've oft caressed ;
Remember, though, the glorious death they've died,—
No battles now can wake their silent rest !

Ne'er more ye brides your husbands will embrace ;
Ne'er more ye children climb your sire's fond knees ;
Now tears alas ! stream down your once bright face,
And sorrow fills your homes, while gladness flees !

Yet wherefore grieve, ye relatives, in vain ?
For death is past and hath no power more ;
Grief hath no strength to bring them back again,
Nor tears to draw them from the farther shore !

POEM XVIII.

The Coming of Spring.

The wintry winds were sighing, and the leafless trees
[lay still ;
The snow was quickly melting on the ground ;
The air was damp and chilly, when before the window-
Methought within a dream I heard a sound. [sill

So stealing to the window to take a furtive glance,
I saw an old man clothed in ice and snow ;
His beard was long and hoary, and he seemed within
[a trance ;
And his head in saddened thought was bending low.

But near the old man's figure what a contrast to the
[sight !
'Twas the rosy face of one so gay and free,
With dimpled cheeks of boyhood, while his golden hair
[shone bright,
And his twinkling smile betokened joy and glee

He touched the old man's shoulder ; and his voice so
[sweet and clear
Addressed the drooping form in accents shrill :
“ Why, father, art thou mourning ? For the Winter
[days so drear
Must needs yield sometime to the glad Spring's will.”

The silvery tones had ended ; but the old man's voice
[was still—
He knew the fair boy's words were just and true ;
So he gat him up in silence and departed 'gainst his
[will,
And bright Spring then began his reign anew !

POEM XIX.

The Loss of the “*Solvedense*.”

With iron strength and cruel force the mad waves
onward tear,
And 'neath the horrid ocean deep the *Solvedense* they
bear,
Whilst on her deck, with hearts of steel, undaunted by
their fate,
Without a murmur or a groan her crew their doom
await !
And in their boats, though few, they place amid the
splashing foam,
Their wailing wives and children too on waters wild
to roam !

Then in a line, upon the deck, they viewed the boats
around,
And with their cheers and joyful shouts the tempest's
voice they drowned.
And now their swift approaching doom for once was
all forgot,
And how to save their lives so young—this thought
them troubled not!
But with their drums they lighted up their hearts of
courage true,
And cheered each other—valiant men!—while still the
tempest grew!
They hoisted up their native flag, they climbed the
trembling ropes,
And like grim death they to them clung and yielded
not their hopes!
For on the rope, with torch in hand, they hoped some
ship to see,
And then perchance they'd reach the land and savèd
they would be!
Alas! Alas! no lifeboat came, no rescuer to the brave,
And soon the battered *Solvedense*—she sank beneath
the wave!
Without a groan, without a sigh they struggle, with
the deep,
And 'neath the restless billows wild, in tender death
they sleep!
But still in human memory their loving deed is kept,
And of them we think tenderly, for whom their friends
once wept!
And now, ye riders of the wave, I bid you all good
cheer;

And may ye never—valiant men!—have any cause
to fear ;
But may ye by your bravery become a nation's pride,
And ne'er forget those noble men who gallantly have
died.

POEM XX.

The Battle of Trafalgar.

Off Trafalgar the French and Spanish lay,
Equipped and well-prepared for any fight,
When Nelson, who'd pursued them all the day,
Now caught them in the night.

Within the silent dark, in columns twain
Before the foe the English Fleet was drawn ;
'Twas time to prove who'd rule the watery main,
Who'd sound the victor's horn.

Soon to his fleet the signal Nelson gave ;
The cannons boomed around, and rent the air ;
The enemy, although they fought so brave,
Began at length to fear.

The foemen's ships were nearly all ablaze,
Cries from the wounded men to heaven rose ;
The skies were lighted up as by sun's rays,—
'Twas fearful scene of woes.

The burning ships were sinking 'neath the wave ;
Sharks hovered thick around with hungry throats ;
Some hapless sailors sought their lives to save,
By fighting for the boats.

The fight had ceased ! The French were going
[down—
Down deep beneath the ruthless waves below ;
The strongest men had grasped the boats they
[found,
And left all to the foe.

Maddened by thought of death and by despair,
A Frenchman spied out Nelson's starry vest,
And as the British Admiral Ship was near
He shot him through the breast.

And with that shot a cry of joy arose
From dying French, who saw the bold deed done :
They shouted and then sank in Death's repose,
Unwept for, and unsung.

Meanwhile the Britons, who saw Nelson fall,
Gave forth at once a long and piercing cry,
And 'midst the anxious fears that seized them all
Brought him below to die !

Around the hero wet was every eye ;
He softly spoke : " Thank God ! The Victory's won ;
And now in peace and happiness I die,
Now that my duty's done ! "

Thus spake our hero, with his dying breath ;
His weary eyelids drooped, and sank to rest ;
One struggle more !—His soul had fled in death
To regions of the blessed.

What news these victors had to carry home !
What crowning victory was theirs to tell !
What loss ! At hearing which, would England
[mourn
For Nelson, loved so well !

Ah ! What sad scenes took place when news
[reached home !
How great was England's sorrow for him dead !
Her real love for him was now made known ;
Her heart with anguish bled !

The crowning conquest was of no avail,
Now that her far-famed hero was no more ;
Why treasure up the victory of her sail,
Where Death him from her tore ?

Alas ! Nor all the victories in the world,
Nor all the fame, that e'er could be procured,
Could now restore their hero lost and hurled
Where ruthless Death him stored.

But this great battle in which Nelson fell,
Is famous as the last sea battle fought
By British sailors, trained to fight so well,
And well with courage fraught.

Since then, at sea we've ever had the lead,
And in our watery realm no foe we've met ;
We've taught the French a lesson, aye indeed,
One that they'll ne'er forget.

Though victory and praise are sweet to own
O'er all our enemies on land and sea ;
'Twere sweeter still to leave all war alone,
And dwell in unity !

POEM XXI.

The New Year Bells.

Once more we hear the midnight bells
Ring forth in joyous plight ;
Once more the sweet but solemn sound
Towards us take its flight ;
Once more the New Year dawns and we
Behold another year ;
But in the churchyard 'neath the yew
Sleep some that we've loved dear !

Once more another year rolls on,
And nearer draws the hour
In which the Saviour Christ shall come,
Still as an opening flower ;
No bells of ours will ring Him in,
Save but His trumpet's blast.
So watch and pray ; forgive, be kind ;
This year may be the last !

POEMS OF LOVE.

POEMS OF LOVE.

POEM I.

A Contrast.

'Tis June ; the rose is blooming ;
The flower is brightest too ;
And Nature is assuming
A beauteous rainbow-hue ;
But fairer than all flowers,
Fairer than roses bright,
Sweeter than myrtle bowers,
Thou seemest, Love, to-night !

POEM II.

My Valentine.

There is a girl, than whom to me
No other treasure's greater ;
She's proudly sweet and fair to see—
I cannot better state her !
She's full of loving sympathy,
And kind beyond comparing ;

She always says "sweet things" to me,
E'en when I'm interfering.
She's ever smiling pleasingly,
And lightens every trouble ;
It comes—but ere it lights on me,
It fades into a bubble.
For when I'm "good," she's "good," you see ;
And when I'm cross, she's "better ;"
She *never will* get vexed with me,
How ever much I fret her.
It makes a fellow feel so mean
To think he's ever cruel
To such a bonnie little queen,
Who *will not* fight a duel.
Oh, she's a darling Valentine !
She couldn't change for better !
Nay—if instead the world were mine,
I'd lose the world to get her !

POEM III.

To A Friend.—Composed whilst on a Tour.

Harp of my soul, chime forth with tuneful string,
And of a journeying stranger's visit sing—
Myself he was ! Forget the stranger not,
Though far from thee his home be placed by lot !
Let thoughts from thee his future paths attend ;
Think of him oft ; pray, count him e'er thy friend !
Pray that his life with happiness be blest,
No sorrow his, but only peaceful rest !

POEM IV.

To—

Lady, if thou should'st grant me thus with lips thy
[name to sing,
Then gladly would I tune my harp and tame its quiv-
[ering string,
And breathe my thoughts in harmony on the sweet
[lingering strain,
Waking the woodland echoes sleep to sound thy name
[again !

The birds enchanted cease their song in tribute to my
[chime ;
The lark too stays her lofty flight to listen to my
[rhyme ;
E'en Philomel, sad nightingale, forgets her mournful
[cry,
Whene'er with trembling voice I raise my song of thee
[on high !

My praise of thee windswift sweeps on with true poetic
[fire ;
The gentle breezes fan my brow and cool my heated
[lyre.
Thy graceful form appears,—oh joy !—I see thy fair-
[brown hair,
Thy light-blue eyes— alas ! I wake to find thou art not
[near !

POEM V.

To—

Fairest of girls, O thou who shin'st
Above the flower of thy race,
Dark-brown-eyed girl with dark-brown hair
And sweetly-smiling beauteous face!
Pearl of the pearls, thy roseate lips
Unwittingly enchant the heart;
Bright of the bright, thy diamond eyes
Lend sight to blind Cupid's dart!
Belle of the belles, thy graceful form
Though far from one is ever near;
Fair of the fair, thy kindly voice
Breathes perfume on the desert air!
Pure of the pure, thy angel face
Lights up with joy Life's cheerless years;
Star of the stars, thy heavenly smile
Sheds gladness o'er the Cup of Tears!

POEM VI.

To an Unknown Siren.

Sweet love, that haunt'st me in the slumbrous
Unknown to me, unseen as yet by me [night,
In life, although in dreams I picture thee
My beauteous model, like an angel bright.
Thy sylph-like form enchants me, siren-queen,

Thy eyes of fairest blue, thy locks of gold,—
Gentle like to a lamb within the fold,
Whose sleeping heart blind Cupid hath not seen,
Till at my coming smitten thou shalt be,
Smitten with love for me as I for thee!

POEM VII.

To Grace.

Sweet of the sweet, O graceful beauteous girl,
With radiant smile and many a golden curl,
Well art thou named, for all the Graces three,
Sung by the poets, are surpassed by thee;
For *they*, in sooth, to Fancy owe their birth;
But *thou*—thou art a living Grace on earth!
Pray then receive my tribute, though 'tis small;
Count not the gift, but count the giver all!

POEM VIII.

To one born on Christmas Day.

O pensive girl, whose very heart and soul
Breathe thoughts most kindly, tender, pure and true
O beauteous flow'r, like her whom Pluto stole—
Lovely Persephone!
O shining star, that sheddest radiant light
Upon sad faces till they smile anew;
O thy sweet smile, whene'er it hits the sight,
Camly makes troubles flee!

The song continues, wrapped in melody ;
The woodlands echo back thy warbling chime,
As though in their enchantment they were fain
To have thee teach them thus to pass their time !
My harp grows silent, though its strings I sweep ;
Thy voice hath charmed its tuneful sounds to sleep !

POEM X.

The Forgotten Verses.

She sang for me ; I wrote
 A sonnet on her voice,
Which pictured every note
 That made my heart rejoice.
But though I still esteem
 The music of her chimes,
My song like some short dream,
 Hath passed behind the times.

Her beauteous face I see ;
 Her eyes and graceful form
Are present e'er with me,
 And still my thoughts adorn.
But every thought of me,
 (Though why should I demur ?)
Shall soon forgotten be,
 And ne'er recalled by her.

But yet, in spite of all,
I never shall forget,
But often shall recall,
Her face without regret ;
Her voice which thrilled my heart
Shall still abide with me ;
I'll sing my lonesome part :
"Then you'll remember me!"

POEM XI.

The Rejection of Barcelon.

O fancy fond, once treasured in my sight,
Why hast thou proved but vain when brought to
light?
O dreams of happiness and youthful bliss,
Why vanished from mine eyes and gone amiss?
O Love, with golden wings, why hast thou flown
And left thy victim here to die alone?
And thou, sweet Angeline, once prized so dear,
Once all to me, now lost alas! fore'er,
Why didst thou thus deceive a heart so true,
Whose every hope and thought was fixed on you?
Revenge?—Nay such a word I should not say;
For we are mortals, creatures of a day!
So why should I, thus wrapped in black despair,
Strive in a vengeful mood thy life to sear?
Nay, 'twas a thought of madness: I recant,
And from my bleeding heart thee pardon grant;
For some day when beneath the yew I lie

In silent sleep, thou mayest stand near by,
With thoughts all bitter at this cruel life,
When *thou* hast loved and found it nought but strife,
And think upon the past that is no more,
And call to mind the love that once I bore --
Thou in thy grief will sigh : " O Garcelon !
How thou didst love !—but now thou'rt dead and
[gone !]"

Then in my spirit shall I pity thee,
For I have passed the veil and so can see ! *

POEM XII.

The Renewal of Love.

'Twas evening, and she breathed a sigh
Which echoed sadly through the air :
" Oh, will he never more draw nigh
The spot he used to love so dear ?

" Six days I've sighed, but all in vain ;
Oh, will you never come, my love ? "
She spake in tears and sighed again,
And gazed into the heavens above.

But hark ! a footstep on the ground,
A stealthy footstep strikes her ears ;
She startles at the sudden sound,
And brushes off the lingering tears.

* The Author has, since composing this poem, had good reason to doubt this thought.

A sudden joy beams in her eyes ;
The blush grows warm upon her face ;
With trembling lips she softly cries :
“ My love ! ” and sinks in his embrace.

But he, the while, his heart aflame
With anger, cannot speak a word,
But casts upon her quivering frame
A frightful gaze of passion stirred.

Anon, “ O, speak, my love ! ” she cries,
“ I cannot bear the silence more !
What have I done, that those dark eyes
Should strive to pierce me to the core ? ”

“ Thou knowest ; but ye women think
That ye can never go amiss ;
So as you're never wrong, you sink
Two lives and rob them of their bliss !

“ How can ye women have such hearts,
Which, rather than they'll bend, will break ?
Ye say ye love, but yet your parts
Are *poor* attempts of Cupid's make.

Ye proudly hold your heads aloft !
For what ?—Ye could not tell me why !
Yet e'er ye know Pretence is scoffed
And false Pride ever gives the lie

“Enough ! I will not speak thee more ;
I will not taunt thee more to grieve ;
Nay, I will love thee as of yore,
So now thy burning heart relieve !”

Thus spake he and his wrath was stilled,
He clasped her to his manly breast,
(So slim was she, although self-willed)
And happiness veiled all the rest.

POEM XIII.

To——

Fair as an opening flower in June,
Fed by the heavenly dew ;
Shining with soft light like the moon :
Tinged with a rosy hue ;
With a sweet smile stealing o'er thy lips,
And a radiance ever new !

POEM XIV.

A Wounded Heart—A Fragment.

Who hath not heard of Love's vicissitudes,
Vast and impenetrable as they are ?
Who hath not been engulfed within their depths
Or felt the anguish of a wounded heart ?

If there be such a one, then blest is he,
 For he hath nothing lost, but much hath gained,
 By happily escaping Love's barbed shaft,
 Which, shot forth well aimed from the golden bow,
 Pierces the heart and leaves it to itself
 To live in joy or perish in its woe.

∴ ∴ ∴

The months have passed and rolled on into years,
 But yet the scene is painted in my mind,
 Engraved and stamped indelibly therein,
 Nor can the scythe of Time deface its print.
 Nay, clearly shall I now recall the tale
 Of joy and sorrow mixed, revealed to me
 By him who suffered all and bade me write
 To warn Posterity that Love is false.
 So list to me and pay heed to my song.
 Ere thou art smitten, ere thou suffer harm.

∴ ∴ ∴

The stranger's voice was feeble, yet he spake :
 " Write, write, my friend, the tale which I have
borne ;
 Tell of my sufferings great, my tiny joys,
 O haste thee, write before my breath be gone.
 'Twas on a summer's day—how well I know—

∴ ∴ ∴



POEM XV.

To——

Fair little blossom, so dainty and neat,
Just to behold thee is truly a treat—
Throned aloft on the great Tree of Life,
Smiling so gaily amid all the strife—
Dear little blossom, pray give me a glance,
Charm me to sleep in a heavenly trance.

Pink little ruby, so precious and rare,
Whene'er I see thee, I lose all my care—
Beautiful, wonderful, shining so bright,
Twinkling like stars on a fair summer's night—
Rich little ruby, pray send me a ray ;
Shine on my darkness and make it like day !

Soft little lily, so slender and white,
Shedding thy fragrance by day and by night—
Innocent, lovely, so tender and true,
No flower greater than thou ever grew !
Pure little angel, waft o'er me a breath
Of thy sweet perfume which e'en defies Death !

POEM XVI.

Love and Unlove.

Within those days of early love they met
In spite of foes ;
And uttered solemn vows without regret
Though troubles rose ;

Heart linked to heart, what heeded they of woe
Or cruel Fate?
What trials each for each would undergo,
However great !

But now the scene is changed—the sacred vow
Is snapped in twain.
She sought to please Love's foes as well, so now
All hath been vain.
Her plighted troth once like a rock of might
Lies in the dust ;
And love now steeped in poison's bitter blight
Turns to disgust.

In vain he sighs the while and wastes away,
Midst pining cares;
In vain keeps tearful vigil night and day ;
In vain his prayers.
In vain he strives to win her back again,
In vain, in vain ;
His love she only mocks and mocks again
In false disdain.

At length his plighted troth of sanctity,
Still faithful true,
(For love can never change, if love it be)
Brings burdens new.
Life's frail thread snaps—his martyred soul draws
Love's Heaven's Gate ! [near
Then Pride breaks down ; she mourns in sad despair,
But all too late !

POEM XVII.

Love's Exile.

O thou, to me the fairest gem on earth,
With purer ray than diamonds flashing bright :
O charm, who at thy will can bring me light,
Smile on my sadness ; give me second birth.
Long have my sorrows drowned the thought of
[mirth.

Long has my life been covered by the blight
Of fondest hopes turned vain before my sight—
O come and put to flight Love's bitter dearth !

Hast thou no sweet compassion in thy heart ?
No softly whispering voice, no look benign ?
What ! carest not if ne'er more joy be mine,
Or if in Exile's anguish sore I smart ?
Nay, if thou lov'st, thou too *must* feel the dart,
Sped from the Love-god's golden bow divine ;
And as my exile is, so must be thine—
My hopes thy hopes, my cruel part thy part !

If such a harmony with me thou hast
In every pang, in every suffering,
Such as I bear—the very thought would bring
Some tiny ray of happiness at last.

Then ne'er could iron band be stronger cast
Than such love round our hearts ; then everything
That wounds would quickly heal and leave no
[sting—
Love's haven reached and every tempest past !



VARIOUS ATTEMPTS IN VERSE.

VARIOUS ATTEMPTS IN VERSE.

NO. I.

Elcatics

TO A FAIR GIRL.

O lovely girl, enchanter of many souls,
Thy pretty smile charms many a youthful heart ;
 Thy fairy cheeks are ever beaming,
 Daintily decked with the rosy blushes.
Thou seem'st to be one worthy of loveliness ;
Thy shapely form is like to the Graces three ;
 Thy music voice of wondrous sweetness
 Happily chants to the royal Cupid.
Thine angel face shines bright with its innocence,
Thy hair of gold, thy beautiful ruby lips ;
 Thy eyes of blue fill all with envy ;
 O what a Queen of the Night thou seem-
 [est !

NO. II.

Elegiacs

The roses once more are returning, and for showers the
[rose-beds are yearning,
As the sun's powerful ray strikes them anew every day.
The birds in the trees are all singing, and straw to
[build nests they are bringing ;
Sweet zephyrs blow all the while ; nature is decked
[with a smile,

NO. III.

An Acrostic.—“To Esther.”

These words steal from a true admiring pen
Of one who thought and wrote them *after ten*!

Each hour mayest thou spend in happiness,
Sublimest thoughts enfolding in their caress
Thy gentle heart so full of tenderness.
Hail, fairest form amid my journeys seen,
Entrancing in thy looks and winning mien,
Receive my humble tribute, Siren-Queen!

 NO. IV.

A French Poem.

A ALBERTINE.

Te tous les cavernes, tous les bois,
Te le ciel bénigne,
Résonnent en harmonie mille fois,
“Albertine, Albertine!”

Dans tous mes moments vigilants,
Dans tout le rêve, quand digne,
En dormant, en réveillant,
Je te vois, Albertine!

NO. V.

Latin Elegiacs.

FLOREAT MCGILLA AD ÆVA.

Ornabant veteres si semper laude poetæ
 Semper honore viros muneribusque suos ;
 Si Danaos claros Teucrosque canebat Homerus,
 Fas quoque nostrorum dicere facta virûm.
 Namque Almae Matris MacGillae gloria magna
 Jam volitat victrix digna per ora virûm.
 Aspice nunc, Mater, puerosque tuasque puellas
 Has formâ insignes, hos celeresque gradû.
 En animo famae fixa haeret quanta cupido !
 En quantus labor est, quantus amorque tui !
 Te, felix MacGilla, cano ; te laudibus orno
 Omnibus, O mater, progeniemque tuam.
 Victores pueri ludorum sintque laborum
 Te decus excelsam tollat ad astra tuum !

NO. VI.

Flourish McGill, forever !

An attempt at translating the above into English.

If ever with honour and glory, If ever with gifts in
 [their story ;
 Poets of long long ago Decked all their warriors so,
 If Homer the Greeks celebrated In song with the
 [Trojans ill-fated,
 We too should offer to praise Men who succeed
 [in our days.

For our "Kindly Mother's" great glory Is deemed by
[all men a proud story,
And "McGill" in men's eyes Shines like a star in
[the skies
Gaze now, O mother, I pray thee, At the boys and the
[girls that array thee
Oh what forms, how sweet ! Also how speedy their
[feet !
* See too what great understanding, What pride too
[their heart is commanding !
Lo, what a struggle is theirs ; Yet what a love
[through the years !
Thee, kind "McGill" with all praises, Thee, Mother,
[my sonnet upraises,
Decking thy offsprings too, Singing the deeds
[that they do !
O may thy boys be victorious, May their *work* like
[their *play* be as glorious !
May thy proud panoply Raise thee on high to
[the sky !

NO. VII.

Latin Elegiacs.—To an esteemed friend.

Who acted as Tutor of Codrington College many years.

Saepe tui memini, quamvis absentis ab orâ,
Optime tutorum praesidiumque meum ;
Saepe tui moveor desideris orbus amicis
Dum nunc ingredior litore solus ego.

* The Latin text was altered in this line after the translation was made—hence the difference.

Te mea laudabunt non indignum ora, benigne,
Semper praeteritâ pro bonitate tuâ.
O si te navis portet trans aequora tutum ;
Mox terras oculis aspiciasque tuis.
Mox rursus reddas nostris hunc, unda benigna,
Oris gaudentem ; desque salutis iter !

Translated for English Readers.

Oft I recall thee to mind, though far from our shore,
thou best of tutors and my safeguard ; Oft am I moved
with longing for thee, bereft as I am of friends, while
now in loneliness I walk the shore. Thee shall my
lips ever praise (for thou are worthy of it!) kind
one, for thy past goodwill. O may the ship bear thee
safe across the sea-plains, and soon mayest thou see
land with thine eyes! Soon again, O kindly wave
mayest thou bring him back to our shores rejoicing
and grant him a journey of safety ! *

NO. VIII.

From the Greek Ode to the Sun-God.

A TRANSLATION FROM SOPHOCLES' TRACHINIAE.

O thou, to whom the spangled night,
When stripped of starry vest,
Gives birth, again doth lull to rest—
A flaming ball of light !

* These lines were composed at the time of persecution known too well to the Author and a few others unmentioned.

O Sun-god, Sun-god, tell me this I pray—
 Where, where, doth dwell the son of Alcmena,
 Thou flaming lord of brilliant light ?
 Is he amid the straits of sea,
 Or on "The Mainlands Twain" rests he ?
 Speak, lord of matchless sight !

NO. IX.

Elegiacs.

TRANSLATION OF TENNYSON'S "RIVULET"
 OR "BROOK."

Frigide, sub pelagi latices tu deflue, rive ;
 Vectigal ponto tu quoque solve tuum ;
 Sed nusquam rursus spatiabor litora praeter,
 Heu ! nunc aeternum, destituende, vale !
 Tu fluita praeter saltus et pascua molle,
 Nam quamvis parvus, mox tamen amplius eris ;
 Ast nusquam rursus spatiabor litora praeter,
 Heu ! nunc aeternum, destituende, vale !

NO. X.

Sapphic Metre.

TRANSLATION OF THE SAME TWO VERSES ABOVE,

I mare, O flumen gelidum, et tributum
 Solve ; sed nusquam prope te gradûs hos
 Rursus heu ! ponam ; valeas in aevum,
 Care sodalis !

Molle per saltus flue prata, parvum
 Posteaque ingens ; spatiabor ast heu !
 Nusquam ego rursus prope te ; vale nunc,
 Dulce, per aeva !

NO. XI.

Alcaic Metre.

(Translation of the rest of Tennyson's "Brook.")

Hic alnus autem tum prope te gemet,
 Hic et tremiscet populus ; hic quoque
 Praeter tuas ripas in aevum
 Magna apium agmina murmurabunt !
 Lucem super te mille suam quidem
 Soles dabunt tum ; mille tremunt quoque
 Lunae ; sed heu ! nusquam gradus tum
 Te prope erunt ; valeas in aevum !

NO. XII.

A Translation in Verse.**OVID, METAMORPHOSES, BOOK XI.***The Death of Orpheus.*

Lo! while the Thracian bard woodlands, beasts wild,
 Is leading on with such a lyre's strain
 And rocks withal, that follow in his train,
 Ciconian wives—their breasts with madness filled,
 With skins of wild beasts clothed—from hillock's peak
 Orpheus descry while he his charm-chants sang
 Attended by the lyre's quivering string ;

And one of them while she these words spake forth—
 Her hair, the while, by gentle breezes fanned
 “Lo, lo ! here doth he, our despiser, stand !”—
 Hurl’d ’gainst Apollo’s bard’s sweet lips a shaft
 Which clothed with leaves left but a woundless mark.
 A stone is another’s weapon, but in its flight
 Whilst in mid-air charmed by the lyre’s string
 Fell at his feet and lay as suppliant there,
 As suppliant for an attempt so mad !
 In spite of this, their rash attacks increased,
 And the mad Fury reigned, restriction ceased.
 Yet had his song their darts all harmless wrought,
 Had not their timbrels and their shouts’ full storm,
 Their Berecynthian flutes of well-bent horn
 And clapping noise with Bacchic yelling din,
 The lyre’s charming strain o’erwhelmed and drowned !
 Then, then at length, the stones grew red with gore
 While the sweet minstrel’s voice was heard no more.

NO. XIII.

**A Free Translation of Propertius’ Famous
 Verses on Cupid.**

“Quicumque ille fuit, etc.”

What hands, I say, of wondrous skill,
 That painter must have had,
 Who pictured Cupid (blind still !)
 That golden-shafted lad !
 For first indeed he lovers viewed
 Who lived and shared no love ;

And through slight cares of trivial mood
Lost blessings from above.
He wings did give him not for nought
Which oared him to the sky ;
In sooth, the god the painter wrought
With human heart to fly.
For we, in sooth, are tossed on waves,
On waves which rise and fall,
And our torn heart, now pants, now raves,
And our breath then leaves our all.
Indeed are armed with merit due,
With arrows barbed his hands ;
And hanging on his shoulders too,
His Cretan quiver stands.
For since he strikes before we can
In safety see our foe,
Then of his prey can not a man
Depart free from his blow.
Shot from his bow his golden darts,
In me, in sooth, they stay !
His youthful image ne'er departs
But haunts me night and day.
Indeed his wings he must have lost,
Since ne'er he leaves my heart ;
For oft against my blood storm-tossed
He hurls a poisoned dart.
Why dwellest thou in my drained breast ?
Why lovest thou it so ?
If shame thou hast, then give it rest,
Thy arrows elsewhere throw !
Far better would it be for thee
To hurl thy venom'd shafts

On those who ne'er have drunk of thee
 And thy enchanting draughts.
 Not o'er *me* but my airy shade
 Thou cruelly dost reign;
 But if from thee thou lett'st it fade
 Who'd then sing of thy fame?
 This strain of mine to thee I sing
 Of thine unbounded praise,
 And even now my voice shall ring:
 "Thy beauty ne'er decays!"
 And in my song of thee I'll tell,
 My love, my precious pearl,
 And on the lips of men shall dwell
 Thy name my lovely girl;
 Thy fingers too, them now I see,
 So soft and sweet they are;
 Thy beauty dark o'erpowers me
 And oft it drives me far.
 Now let the lyre's glorious string
 Give forth a gentle sound
 E'en as the fairies in a ring
 Trip softly on the ground.

NO. XIV.

Alcaics—Christmas, 1904.

Hail, Fairest Day, thrice brightest of morns to man
 Than dawned before! Hail, Beacon of Righteousness!
 Hail, Twinkling Star, so softly shining,
 Ushering light on a world of darkness!

Hail, Father, great in Thy pity infinite
For suff'ring mortals, doomed by their sins to die !
Hail, Sweet Compassion, wondrous holy,
Bidding Thee send to their aid a Saviour !

Hail, Living Harp of Matchless Eternal Love,
Who paid the price of sins that were not Thine own !
Hail, Crucified One, all-forgiving,
Woefully crowned with the thorns of insult !

Hail, Precious Blood-Drops, spillèd for righteousness !
Hail, Paschal Lamb, who opened the heav'ns to man !
Hail, Risen Lord, in glory reigning,
Quickly return to Thy children waiting !

Hail, Holy Ghost, Thou comfort of every sheep,
Which, straying, Thou hast brought to the fold again !
Hail, Spirit, full of mercy tender,
Willing that none everlasting perish.

Hail, Trinity, mysterious, yet adored !
Hail, Three in One, whose essence we know not yet !
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—
Lowly we bow as but dust and ashes !

Hail angel host, who, wrapped in the heav'nly glare,
With voices blent, chimed music unknown to man,
Sang praise to God while sweetly harping,
Heralding peace on the scene of battle !

Hail, Pain and Death, which we for our sins endure !
 Hail, Mould'ring Grave, wherein we return to earth !
 Hail, silent Sleep, which none can waken,
 Save at the time when the Trumpet soundeth !

Hail, Resurrection Morning of happiness !
 Hail, Thousand Years, where sorrow is all unknown !
 Hail, New Jerusalem, the Golden !
 Hail to the Lamb that shall reign for ever !

NO. XV.

**A Translation from Sophocles' *Oedipus*
 at Colonus.**

“Oedipus, the blind King, dethroned and penniless, tells of his daughters' (Antigone and Ismene) devotion to him.” The latter tells of Antigone only.

One e'er since she ceased to need
 Childhood's nursing, childhood's feed,
 And had felt herself grown strong
 Hath been with me all along ;
 Till starved wanderer, to guide—
 Guide aright my aged stride.
 Straying oft through woodland wild
 Half-starved, barefoot, she, poor child,
 Sorely tried full oft by shower
 And the sun that scorching power ;
 Comforts of her life at home
 Second in her thoughts do roam ;
 Chiefest care her father is,
 Toileth she that bread be his !

THE SIXTH BOOK OF VERGIL'S AENEID.

(Verses 1-155, translated.)

THUS speaks he weeping, and to the fleet gives rein,
And to the Euboean shores of Cumae glides
At length. To sea they turn the prows; the ships
The anchor steadied then with clinging tooth;
5 The curved sterns fringe the shores. A band of
[youths

 Springs eager forth upon the Hesperian strand;
Some seek the seeds of flame hid in the veins
Of flint; some scour the woodlands, coverings dense
Of untamed beasts, and point to rivers found.

10 But reverent Aeneas hies to the heights
Whereon Apollo sits enthroned on high,
And to the far retreat, a monster cave,
Of the awe-inspiring Sibyl, into whom
The Delian prophet mighty insight breathes

15 And fervour, and to her the Future opes.
Now Trivia's groves and golden roofs they reach.

 As runs the story, Daedalus, in flight
From realms Minoian, dared to trust himself
Unto the sky on pinions fleet and soared

20 By an untried way aloft to the cold Bears,
Till hovering o'er the Chalcidian height he stayed
His flight at last. Here first restored to earth,
The oarage, Phoebus, of his wings to thee

- He dedicated, and vast temples reared.
- 25 Upon the doors Androgeos' death was carved ;
 Then the Cecropidae compelled to pay
 As penalty—ah, cruel fate !—each year
 Their children's bodies, seven youths and maids ;
 There stands the urn with the lots that have been
 [drawn.]
- 30 Upon the other side there corresponds
 The Gnosian land raised high above the sea ;
 Here is that work of toil, the labyrinth,
 And here the wandering maze insoluble ;
 But yet 'twas solved, for Daedalus himself
- 35 In pity for the queen's great love unloosed
 The guiles and secret windings of the house,
 His blind steps guiding by a thread. Thou too,
 O Icarus, thy great share wouldst have had
 In such a work, had grief permitted it.
- 40 Twice had he tried to shape thy fall in gold,
 Twice fell the father's hand. Nay more, the whole
 They with their eyes forthwith had scanned, had
 Achates, sent before, now come again, [not
 And with him Phoebus' priestess, Trivia's too,
- 45 Deiphobe, from Glaucus sprung, who thus
 Bespeaks the king : " No time this for such sights !
 'Twere better now to offer sacrifice
 Of seven bullocks from a flock unyoked
 And just so many duly chosen sheep."
- 50 Such words the priestess spake to Aeneas—
 Nor do his men delay the divine commands—
 And calls the Teucrians in the lofty fane.
 Hewn was a great side of the Euboean rock
 Into a cave to which a hundred mouths,

- 55 A hundred broad approaches lead, whence rush
As many voices, answers of the Sibyl.
The threshold they had reached ; the virgin saith,
“ ’Tis time to ask the oracles ; the god,
Behold, the god ! ” And while she speaks these
[words
- 60 Before the doors her features suddenly
Her colour, changed ; her locks unbraided stood ;
Her heaving breast, her wild heart, frenzied swell ;
And greater in appearance she became,
Nor was her utterance mortal when she spake
- 65 ’Neath the now nearer presence of the god.
“ Art slack to vows and prayers, art slack ” she
[saith,
“ O Trojan Aeneas ? For not till then
Will the great portals of the astonished house
Unfold themselves ! ” And having said these words
- 70 She lapsed in silence. Then an icy chill
Ran through and through the Trojans’ iron bones,
While from his inmost soul the king pours prayers :
“ O Phoebus, thou who ever pitiedst
Troy’s grievous sufferings ; who didst direct
- 75 The Dardan darts of Paris and his hands
Against the body of Aeacides ;
So many seas which dash on mighty lands
Braved I, with thee as leader, and the tribes
Removed afar within, the Massyli,
- 80 And fields outstretched before the Syrtian sands ;
Now, now at length, we grasp Italia’s shores
That ever fly from us ; let Trojan luck
Thus far have followed us ! And now ye too,
O all ye gods and goddesses, ’tis fair

- That ye should spare the race of Pergama,
 85 Ye 'gainst whom Ilium stood with glory great
 Dardanian. And thou, most holy bard,
 Who canst foretell the Future grant—I ask
 No undue kingdoms for my fates —O grant
 The Teucrians settle down in Latium
 90 With Troy's long-wandering gods and deities
 Storm-tossed. To Phoebus then, to Trivia,
 Of solid marble will I build a fane
 And festal days called after Phoebus' name.
 Thee also shall await within our realms
 95 A mighty shrine; for here thy destinies
 And secret sayings spoken to my race
 I will set up, and dedicate for thee
 Well-chosen men, kind one. But yet to leave
 Entrust thou not thine oracles lest they
 100 Fly scattered, to the fleeting winds a jest ;
 With thine own voice I pray thee utter them !”
 He made an end of speaking with his lips.
 But, not yet brooking Phoebus, in the cave
 The prophetess raves awful, in hope
 105 Of flinging off the great god from her breast :
 The more she raves, the more her foaming mouth
 He wearies greatly, taming her wild heart,
 And moulds her pressing hard. And now have oped
 The hundred mighty portals of the house,
 110 Oped of their own accord and now bear forth
 Amid the air the prophetess' response :
 “O who at last thy perils great at sea
 Hast ended—but on land more grievous ones
 Await thee : to Lavinium's realms shall come
 115 The Dardan race ; drive from thy mind this care ;

- But they will also wish they had not come.
Wars, awful wars, I see, and with much blood
The Tiber foaming. Not the Simois,
Nor yet the Xanthus, nor the Doric Camp,
120 Shall fail thee then : already is there come
To Latium a new Achilles, he
Himself too goddess-born ; nor anywhere
Will Juno cease to dog the Teucrians ;
When thou a suppliant in thy times of need—
125 What tribes, what cities, of the Itali
Wilt thou not pray to help ! Of such great ill
Again unto the Teucrians is the cause
A stranger-bride, a stranger-wedding too.
Yet to misfortunes yield thou not, but go
130 More boldly forth to meet them by the path
Thy Fortune shall allow thee. For the way,
The earliest way of safety, shall be oped
To thee, though thou but little dreamest it,
By one of Graia's towns." In sayings such
135 Does Cumae's Sibyl from her inmost shrine
Chant awful oracles and from the cave
Shout back, enshrouding truth in mystery ;
So, as she raves, Apollo shakes the reins
And plies, the while, the goad beneath her breast.
140 What time her fury ceased, her raving lips
Grew still, the hero Aeneas begins :
"No toil, O Virgin, rises to my sight
New or unlooked for ; I have fore-grasped all
And weighed it with me in my mind before.
145 One boon I pray : Since here is said to be

- The gateway of the king of things below,
And the dark marsh where Acheron o'erflows,
Be it my happy lot to meet the sight
And face of my loved sire ; teach thou the way.
150 And ope the sacred portals. Him I snatched
Through flames and a myriad pursuing darts
On these my shoulders and from midst the foe
I rescued him ; he, comrade of my way,
Braved every sea with me, a feeble man,
155 And every threat of ocean and of sky,
Beyond the strength of Old Age and its lot.
Nay more, he praying mandate gave that I
In suppliant wise should seek thee and should near
Thy threshold. Pity, kindly maid, I pray,
160 Both son and father, for thou canst all things,
And not for nought hath Hecate thee placed
Over the Avernian groves. His partner's shade
If Orpheus could recall, on tuneful strings
And Thracian harp relying ; if, by death
165 Alternate, Pollux brought his brother back
And goes the way and comes again so oft—
Why mention Theseus great, why Alcides ?—
And my race too from most high Jove is sprung.”
In such words prayed he and the altars grasped,
170 When thus the prophetess began to speak :
“ Anchises ” Trojan son, O sown of blood
Divine, full easy is the downward path
That to Avernus leads ; both night and day
The gate of gloomy Dis is opened wide ;
175 But to regain one's step and make one's way

- Back to the upper air ; this is the task
This too the toil. Few, they the sons of gods
Whom partial Jupiter well loved or whom
Their ardent virtue raised to the upper air,
180 These have been able. All the space between
The woods possess, and gliding with black fold
Cocytus flows around. But if thy mind
So great a love. so great a longing hath
Twice Stygian lakes to swim, twice Tartarus black
185 To see, and in a mad task to indulge
Is thy delight. Hear what must first be done.
There lies beneath a shady tree a branch
Golden both in its leaves and supple stem
Called holy to the Queen of things below :
190 The whole grove covers this and with dark vales
The shadows close it in. But unto none
To go within the Bowels of the earth
'Tis granted earlier than to whom has plucked
The golden leavèd produce from the tree.
200 This beauteous Proserpina
Claimed for herself as her own special gift :
But when the first is plucked, a second one
Of gold appears and leafy grows the twig
Of the same golden ore. With eyes on high
205 Search therefore for it, and when duly found,
Pluck with thy hand ; for of itself 'twill come
Willing and easy, if the fates thee call :
If not, then ne'er wilt thou have power to win
By any strength nor rend it with hard steel.
210 Moreover lifeless lies a friend of thine

—Alas, thou knowest it not !—and with his corse
Pollutes the entire fleet, while thou yet seek'st
Decrees and at our threshold lingerest.
First duly bear him to his resting-place,
215 And store him in a tomb. Lead cattle black
As victims ; let these be the atonements first.
So only may'st thou see the groves of Styx
And kingdoms, to the living without path.”
He spake and speechless fell with closed lips.



